



LNS

#403

January 5, 1972

Packet #403

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January 5, 1972

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and intended to repeal the law met in a corner and got into a wild and furious protest. Barbara Ackerman, joined with Walter Sullivan, a repeal advocate, and a black woman from the Riverside Community Council Committee (which two years ago organized a black university graduation to demand lower tuition fees from the university) ran roughshod over the student growing council papers all over the room and busting up the mike altogether.

Probably because of protests by four dissenting landlords and cries of illegality, the council voted to reconsider the vote the following afternoon at the council room. This time though, police allowed only 165 people in (based on the usually ignored 10 minute rule). Landlords were let in at will but a dozen of the dissenters were left outside in a driving rain, shouting with frustration to the meeting which was held almost outside over loud speakers.

Barbara Ackerman said that she would not take part in the meeting because she felt that the vote they were "considering" was illegal in the first place. The following dissenters concurred. Claims of illegality were based on the fact that the ten minute rule was violated. Landlords said that the city rules say that off-the-record council meetings must be held in the little room. But even despite all protest, the five pro-repeal council voted not to reconsider the vote.

Landlords groups are now encouraging all their tenants not to pay their January rent until they find out what the new city council will do. The case will go before an appeals court to test it.

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G.I. ADDICT: "IF I GO BACK TO THE WORLD
WITH THE HABIT I GOT OVER HERE..."

by Vernon Wilson
Pacific News Service/LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: Vernon Wilson is an active-duty GI now stationed at Vung Tau, South Vietnam.]

VUNG TAU, South Vietnam (LNS) -- Mike Lynn came to Vietnam about four months ago. Like most of the 170,000-odd Americans remaining here he has never spent a day in the field, endured an enemy shelling, or eaten a can of C-rations. Instead of patrolling the jungles with an eighty-pound rucksack on his back, or loading artillery pieces at an isolated fire base, Mike has been stationed in Vung Tau, a "resort" town on the southern coast of Vietnam. Known for its beautiful beaches and many villas catering to high American and Vietnamese officials, it is considered a "safe" area, relatively untouched by the war which has been fought all around it.

Mike is a perimeter guard at the U.S. Army Airfield at Vung Tau. The Army would like to think that he is satisfied with his relatively comfortable and safe job in this sputtering ground war. But evidently he is not, because Mike is using heroin heavily and has been doing so for the past three months.

Two nights ago, I pulled guard duty with Mike. He was "speeding" and talked almost non-stop for our six hours together.

In his description of his life, there is really nothing to distinguish Mike from the almost three million American soldiers who have preceded him to Southeast Asia. He went to high school in a medium-sized midwestern city and spent those four years mostly building cars, drinking beer, and chasing girls. Mike thought about going on to a technical college, but before he made a decision the Army caught up with him and after four months of training he found himself in Vietnam.

"When I got here," Mike says, "I was pretty scared. I didn't really understand what was happening in Vietnam except that I'd had a couple of buddies who'd gotten killed over here. That worried me of course, but when they told me I was going to Bung Tau and I found out where Vung Tau was, I felt really great. Like I thought I might even enjoy myself a little and at least I wouldn't get hurt."

But Mike's optimism quickly disappeared. Settling into the deadly routine of six or twelve hours per day in a guard tower required less than a week.

"It wasn't long before I felt that I was going over the edge. Every day in that guard tower doing nothing and I knew it was going to continue like that for eleven months. When a buddy of mine on the security force who'd been over here for a while offered me some skag, I jumped at the chance.

"I started out smoking maybe a vial and a half a day. At first it was really fantastic. I'd lose all track of time--the days would just kind of melt into each other. But after a month I noticed I needed more to get up, like maybe 2 or 2 1/2 vials. Downtown I buy from a little kid, maybe thirteen or fourteen years old. I don't know where he gets it from, probably Saigon. I have to pay 1500 Piastres (about \$3.75) a vial. When I started doing three or four vials a day, for the first time I was really hurting for money. My friends were beginning to shy away from me so there was only one place I could go for cash -- the black market.

"I'd get maybe eighty bucks together and buy a TV from the PX, sneak it downtown and sell it. If I was smart and looked around carefully before selling I could double my money."

Mike's black market activities increased as his habit did. He began to worry about the one mistake that could bring the Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID) down on him.

"I felt that it was just a matter of time before the CID's got wind of me buying all this expensive stuff from the PX and never having it around my room. And I realized that I was really addicted to heroin both physically and psychologically. About three weeks ago I shot up for the first time -- two vials. The next day I did the same thing. The second night I was in really bad shape. I thought I might have given myself an overdose. I mean the skag over here is 94-96% pure while the stuff back in the World is 10% at most. I was really hurting. A buddy of mine helped me out. He got some speed to bring me up. Skag is a downer, you see, and if you pass out you're in real trouble."

After that incident, Mike saw too clearly the direction in which he was going. In the last two weeks he has made his first serious attempt to get off heroin. But he has refused to turn himself in under the provisions of the Army's well-publicized drug amnesty program.

"I have a friend who went on amnesty," Mike says, "and they sent him to Long Binh (along with Cam Ranh Bay, the major drug rehabilitation center in Vietnam). It was a real bummer. Lifers hassling him all the time. No real concern or help. I don't want to go there. I figure if I kick this thing it will have to be by myself. I'd never been in any big trouble with the police or anybody before I came into the army."

"But I know if I go back to the World with the habit I got over here it would cost me more than \$500 a day. I'd have to steal the money. I guess that would really kind of finish my life off, you know."

It is uncertain just what percentage of American soldiers in Vietnam have, like Mike Lynn, become addicted to heroin. The Army says three percent. Some Congressional investigations claim the figure is closer to fifteen percent. Whatever the figure, for too many GIs, it's far too high. -30-

"YOU DON'T LEARN REVOLUTION FROM BOOKS":

A LETTER FROM CHINA
LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: the following is a letter from Alex Lazarow, a woman active in the Boston movement who is spending three months in China with a group of other Americans. In the parts of her letter printed here she describes a rural farming commune where she is spending a month. The particular commune where she is working has become a model for communal development throughout China. After they have finished working there, the group will spend another month working in a factory in Peking.]

Dear Everyone:

We are now living in a cave in the village of Tachai as part of one of the 21 work brigades in the Tachai People's Commune. We're in Hashian County, which has 20 people's communes.

People here lived in caves in the past, too. The difference is that the caves before the county was liberated in 1945 (four years before the Chinese Revolution seized control of the entire country in 1949) were horrible. The ones the people live in now are only caves in the sense that they're built into the hills and they have arched ceilings. They're actually rows of very bright, clean, large rooms.

The caves are made of stone and are arch-shaped to fight the weather. Our caves are heated by coal stoves, but the people all have kangs which are large wooden beds with mattresses on them to sleep several people. The kangs are heated by a little fireplace under the bed -- sort of like an electric blanket.

This is harvest time, so the people are real busy. They get up very early in the morning, go work in the fields, eat breakfast, go back to work around 8:30 or 9:00, work until around 1:00 or 1:30, eat and rest a little, back to the fields from 3:00 - 8:00 or so, eat dinner and then work on the threshing ground. Early in the morning, some people stay at home to do household chores. Schools (except those for little children) are not in session during the harvest. But nobody complains -- people here work for socialism, not only for a living.

We work in the fields with the people every morning and some afternoons. People from the Friendship Association and from the Tachai Reception Committee (thousands of people visit every day -- they're peasants from brigades all over China coming to learn from Tachai) are always inquiring about our health and trying to get us to rest, so sometimes we really have to make a commotion to be able to work.

The girls work with the Iron Girls Team, women from 18-24, and the younger girls, whose schools are on vacation for the harvest. We're really getting friendly with them -- we go to their caves and meet their parents and families. The people in this village are so warm and friendly. If you go to the store or post office you can spend ages there laughing and trying to

talk to the people.

The Tachai area is very mountainous. The people say that before liberation in 1945 the land consisted of seven gullies and eight ridges on one slope. There wasn't one meter of leveled land. If it didn't rain for three days, the effect would be that of a dry spell. When it rained, soil and fertilizer would be washed away. The land was divided into more than 4,700 pieces, scattered over gullies and slopes.

There were about 60 households in Tachai village, over 200 people. There was one landlord family, three rich peasant families, and twelve upper middle peasant families. All of the others were poor and lower middle peasants.

There was 802 mou of fertile land (one mou = 1/6 of an acre). Seventy percent of this land belonged to the landlord and three rich peasant families. Twenty percent belonged to the 12 upper middle peasant families. So the remaining 45 families owned only 10% of the land. The landlord and rich peasants couldn't farm all of their land so they rented it to the poor and lower middle peasants.

If by chance the weather was favorable that growing season, peasants could pay their rent from their crop yield. If their crops didn't earn enough, they would have to work for the landlord as hired laborers. The people were poverty-stricken. If they worked harder and the land yielded more, the rent would be increased. [The yield per mou was about 100 catties -- one catty equals 1.1 pounds -- whereas now the per mou yield is about 1200 catties. Everything belonged to the landlord -- houses, tools, land, animals -- why improve the land for the benefit of the landlord?

We've talked to a lot of older people about what it was like for them before liberation. Many people herded animals, worked in the fields, or did domestic work, all for the landlord. Many were beggars and it was a common occurrence that people would be forced to sell their children, they needed money so badly.

Many old people committed suicide because they were too old to work and too old to beg. One woman spoke to who did sewing and other work for the landlord said he paid her with chaff from grain. Half the time, people only ate wild herbs mixed with corn husks.

It wasn't only the landlords that made the people's lives miserable -- the Japanese occupied this whole county. At one point they came to Tachai and massacred 40 young people and buried them in a pit.

Chen Yung Kwei is the leader of this village, the man who led not only Tachai but the whole county in the liberation struggle. We've had two meetings with him. He's now on the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and he still wears his old clothes and works with and lives with the rest of the people. His life story is worth hearing.

He was born in this county, about 15 kilometers

away from this village. His family moved here when he was six years old after natural calamities drove them from their home village.

When Chen was seven, his mother, sister and brother were all sold. His father was forced to work for the landlord and Chen was left to wander about alone, begging for his meals. When he was eight or nine, he began working for the landlord as a cowherd. He was too small to control the enormous oxen in his charge so they would always eat the crops and he would get beaten for it. He was beaten almost every day.

When he was nine or ten, Chen began work in the fields carrying rocks in a basket on his back. His left backside is still severely calloused because of this. At night he also had to do other odd jobs -- he was a servant. The money he earned wasn't sufficient even to feed just himself. His father saw no way out -- he finally hanged himself and Chen Yung Kwei was left alone.

Chen worked as a year round laborer for about 20 years. He was beaten constantly and worked like the farm animals. He ate pig food and dog food -- today anything he eats tastes great.

When the Japanese occupied Tachai village, Chen was jailed and tortured. They interrogated him -- they wanted to know where the Eighth Route Army (an army led by the communists that fought against the invaders) was. He was sure he'd be killed, but he didn't give in. Finally they released him.

Chen Yung Kwei is now 57 years old. He was illiterate until he was in his 40's. He never even actually saw Mao Tse Tung's writings until 1963. He says that you don't learn revolution or Mao Tse Tung's ideas from books -- you have to have strong class feelings first. And he has those feelings -- you can just feel the energy when he's around.

--30--

AIR FORCE USING "THE NEXT BEST THING"
TO A NUCLEAR BOMB

NEW YORK(LNS)-- A bomb that kills everything within a 3,280 foot radius is being used by the Air Force in Indochina, two scientists told the American Academy for the Advancement of Sciences convention in Philadelphia. Originally intended for use in blasting jungle clearings for helicopter landing zones, the scientists added that the bomb is also being used as an anti-personnel weapon.

They quoted several military men who described the device as "the next best thing" to a nuclear bomb; and it even produces a mushroom cloud.

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CIGARETTE SALES UP IN 1971 DESPITE
BAN ON ADVERTISING

NEW YORK(LNS)-- It's been a year now since cigarette companies were forced to stop advertising on TV. In that time not only were more cigarettes sold (529 billion, compared to 521 billion cigarettes in 1970), but ten new brands have burst onto the market.

The companies are now advertising in more newspapers, magazines, and billboards than ever before and are giving away towels, tapes and money as well as sponsoring sports events. They are also introducing funny gimmicks such as Adam cigarettes to go along with Eve cigarettes.

"What you end up with," reports Business Week "is cigarette marketers behaving like their counterparts in soaps, cereals, and the auto business. They are using continual new-brand introductions as a regular marketing tool."

-30-

ROACHES RUN RAMPANT IN THE CAPITOL BUILDING

WASHINGTON (LNS)-- "We can't seem to get ^{rid} of them" says George Hays, a Capitol official. "They" are cockroaches, and they've re-infested the place after being exterminated in the '40's. In 1962 the roaches had a big comeback and \$6000 was spent to kill them. According to officials, the roaches came through the mails in packages and letters.

People have shared their homes with roaches for years and, for the most part, landlords and city officials have refused to deal with them. But now that the Capitol is infested, research projects have suddenly sprung up. Dr. James Grayson of the Virginia Polytechnical Institute is developing new and expensive ways of killing roaches (such as luring male cockroaches with female sex hormones and then killing them.)

-30-

STOP ON A DIME, EVERY TIME;
PEOPLE'S CAR REPAIR MANUAL AVAILABLE

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) -- Are you sliding down that hill you thought you were driving up? Do your tires smell like brake fluid?

"A People's Car Manual: Fixing Brakes" can save your car from spongy pedals, dragging or chattering brakes and other horrors. It's 35¢ a copy, 30¢ if you buy five or more and 25¢ bookstore rates from

People's Press
968 Valencia
San Francisco, CA 94110

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AN ALASKAN'S VIEW OF HIS LAND

Not Man Apart/LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: This article was shortened and reprinted from *Al'esasne Notes*. The pipeline referred to is a proposed trans-Atlantic pipeline to be built by U.S. oil companies.)

My name is Richard Frank, born in 1923 and raised at Minto, Alaska. The people of Minto, Alaska consist mostly of Alaskan Indians in the Tribe of Athabaskan Indians. The population of Minto is 161. We have lived there for many, many years, we can say since time immemorial.

Minto is approximately 60 miles northwest of Fairbanks, about 20 minutes flight by small airplane. It is situated on the Minto Flats, which consists of lakes and streams, the major rivers and streams consist of six, run into the Minto Flats, and the pipeline will cross all of them.

The people of Minto depend on the food that we hunt and trap and fish. We have moose and rabbit, ptarmigans, and we have the wild berries, blue-berries, cranberries, and what we call high bush berries. These are the food we eat and we have fish for a change of diet.

I have experienced some hungry children, in the small community of Minto. We have to hunt moose for food, that is, for meat, a diet of meat, and to go out and hunt, we have to prepare for it and our children know when we're going out to hunt--they sense it--they know we're going to hunt when they're hungry.

We hunt these animals by getting on a fresh track until we get one and we never, never let a wounded moose go. After you've wounded a moose, you have to stick with him until you get him even if it takes a week to get him.

There's nothing as disheartening as to see a hungry child that expects you to come back with food for him. The first thing the child will look for is to see if you have any food for him when you come back late in the day after dark is to look for blood on your mocassins. If there's no blood on your mocassins, it's disheartening and it's hard to explain to the child and to the rest of the family that you came back empty-handed.

When we do get a moose, we come back with the choicest part of the moose to give to our elder people. This is in pure tradition and pure honor and respect for our older people. The hunter doesn't only get the largest part of the moose meat, it's our tradition that we share and share alike. Everybody gets the same amount as your neighbor. This is the way we divide the moose, among our people.

Every year in the months of February and March, the beaver season is open. This is a fur-bearing animal and the fur can be used for selling to the fur buyer for U.S. currency or it can be used for fur hats, mittens, jackets, and parkas. The carcass is used for human consumption, to eat.

We trap these animals in a way that we sort

of preserve them also. For instance, we take an A area this year. We'll trap it one year and move to B area the next year and not trap in A area so these animals can grow back up in A area while you're trapping in B area. Also we set traps in a way that we can get the larger beaver and let the smaller ones grow up.

We would say that in going at these methods, we are preserving the animals and in comparison we're putting money in the bank.

In the 1930's the mining interests moved with dredges, such as the gold dredges, that dug up streams for gold in the headwaters of Minto Flats. After the gold industry moved into Alaska, they sluiced the land. By sluicing the land, they had high pressure water that washed away the soil and let topsoil run down the streams and creeks and rivers.

One particular creek, which is the Gold Stream, was being worked near Fairbanks, I would say about ten miles north of Fairbanks, and this stream ran directly in the middle of the Minto Flats which at that time was nice, beautiful, green country with plenty of game and fish. After all the silt came into the Minto Flats, it filled it up with sand and mud and filth.

Before the gold mining came in, it was very easy to live off the land. We did not get anything out of the gold. All it did was make it harder to live off the land.

You may ask why we want our land since we are poor? The land is the only thing we own, it is our way of life, it is the only thing we have to fall back on when nothing else works. Nothing has yet happened on the pipeline which makes us believe the pipeline in the long run will benefit us. We are faced with something very serious, something that would affect our way of living in the sense of hunting, trapping and fishing.

If the pipeline was built, and we had a spill in the pipeline, it would pollute the waters and the lakes and therefore it would hurt the animals that live on these lakes and waterways. If you kill off all the animals, they cannot be replaced. The land that's been damaged by oil, cannot be rebuilt. These are the things that we fear would be lost forever.

--30--

NIXON FORCES ANTITRUST CHIEF INTO RETIREMENT

Iconoclast/LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

WASHINGTON (LNS)--Richard McLaren, a Nixon appointee and a thorn in the President's side, has been forced to resign as the Chief of the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department.

McClaren had refused to ease his investigations of various companies that supported the Administration. Nixon, on a number of occasions, asked the former establishment-oriented lawyer if he would direct his energies elsewhere, but he refused, and told the President that he would go to the press if pressure was continued. Nixon relieved the pressure, but McLaren was eased out of office soon afterward. -30-

(#403)

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more...

"IT DOESN'T MAKE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE WHO WAS SHOT FIRST: "CHICANO CONVICTED AFTER 3 TRIALS

ALBUQUERQUE (LNS) -- Pedro Garcia, accused of killing a cop in March 1969, sat in an Albuquerque New Mexico courtroom December 17 waiting for the jury to announce its verdict. Three hours went by and the jury of 11 whites and one Chicano returned -- smiling at each other and sometimes laughing. The verdict was guilty on charges of manslaughter.

Pete, as he is called by the people in the barrio, is no stranger to a courtroom. This was his third trial for the 1969 incident in which Pete himself almost lost his life. He and three friends were stopped in their car one night, dragged out and slammed up against the car.

Patrolman Julian Narvaez frisked Pete and found a .22 in his coat pocket. He then began to hit Pete on the back of the neck with his own .38. When Pete told him to stop, Narvaez jammed the gun into his back and fired it. Though wounded, Pete managed to turn around and struggle for the gun which went off a second time, hitting the cop. The gun dropped to the ground and both men scrambled after it. Narvaez grabbed it first but Pete got his hands on it and the gun went off again -- this was the shot that fatally wounded Narvaez. Pete then fired twice more. He struggled back into the car and, near death, was driven to the hospital.

In all three trials, Pete's lawyers presented a strong case for self-defense, and also produced much evidence that Narvaez was well known in the Albuquerque barrio for his brutality.

During the first trial, in September of 1969, the state tried to prejudice the jury against Pete by constantly pointing to the fact that he was once a drug addict. The jury deliberated for fourteen hours -- the longest in New Mexico trial history -- and could not reach a verdict. So a second trial took place, virtually a repeat of the first.

This time the jury found Pete guilty of manslaughter -- a lesser crime than murder. However, an Appeals Court threw out the conviction stating as one of its reasons that the DA had made many remarks to prejudice the jury about "dope addicts" and "cop-killers."

Although the state admitted that there was no new evidence, Pete's third trial got underway on December 13, 1971. As in the past two trials, the defense easily exposed the flimsiness of the prosecution's witnesses.

One key prosecution witness, Sam Salazar, claimed that Pete (5'6" and 120 pounds), lunged at Narvaez (6' and 185 pounds), grabbed his gun and fired. During the first two trials, he produced a map showing exactly where he had been standing when he saw the incident. However, the defense proved during the second trial that Salazar couldn't possibly have seen what he did from the spot where he said he was standing.

In the new trial, Salazar unabashedly moved himself 50 feet in his testimony to cover his old story.

Another prosecution witness, a shell-shock victim from World War II, testified in the second trial that he saw the cop come at Pete with his gun drawn, but now he said he never saw the gun. Not only that, he didn't even remember having testified at the second trial and under cross-examination admitted that he had blacked out when he heard the first shot -- the one that hit Pete in the back.

Unperturbed by the weakness of his case, DA Wilson said he doesn't have to deal with the evidence. In fact, he called it "nonsense," and insisted that "it doesn't make a bit of difference who was shot first."

In his final remarks of the trial, he said sarcastically that "obviously, Mr. Driscoll (the defense lawyer) would probably want him (Pete) running for governor." He closed with a plea to the jury to "Please, do not declare open season on police by your verdict. That is exactly what you will do if you do not find Pete Garcia guilty."

Pete faces a possible two to ten year sentence in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, though his lawyers say they will appeal the conviction. He will be sentenced in a couple of weeks.

-30-

(Thanks to El Grito del Norte for the information for this story.)

DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU;
MINE BUREAU HOT LINE LEFT UNTENDED

WASHINGTON (LNS)--A Bureau of Mines "hot line" for coal miners to report safety violations was ignored and unserviced for two months while an unknown number of calls, presumably reporting mine hazards, was lost.

There was evidence that calls were received on the line, but office personnel were "too busy" to take them, a bureau source said.

The bureau, an Interior Department agency, didn't know how long it had been out of order, admitting nobody had checked the tape-recorded calls since Oct. 21.

When the line is working, it automatically records all incoming calls, around the clock, and according to the hot line's inaugural claims last May--"a top bureau official acts on the information the next working day."

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Your January bill will be in the mailbox in a couple of days. Please start the new year off right and scrounge up all you can to send us.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

MICHIGAN TUNNEL EXPLOSION KILLS 21:
OFFICIALS AND CONTRACTORS POINT TO EACH OTHER

DETROIT (LNS) -- On the Saturday afternoon of December 11, a methane gas explosion ripped through the six-mile tunnel being built under Lake Huron to channel the relatively clean lake water to the metropolitan Detroit area

Twenty-one workers trapped inside were caught and killed by the force of the blast. Debris hurled around them. The bodies of some were so badly broken that authorities first believed 22 had died because pieces of bodies were taken from the wreckage that could not be matched or identified

The workers were pouring cement in the shore end of the tunnel, which extends into the lake for six miles, 230 feet underground. The explosion took place near the opposite end of the tunnel. The drilling went through layers of shale, and methane gas had formed in pockets of the rock formation.

Detroit Mayor Roaman S. Gribbs immediately halted work on the \$120 million project until the cause of the blast could be found and safety measures taken to insure that it would not happen again. But allegations began to fly back and forth between those implicated in the accident.

Roger Raubaud, a state safety inspector on the project, was widely quoted as saying he resigned from his job after his repeated warnings about tunnel working conditions had been ignored by Gerald Remus, the general manager of the Detroit Metropolitan Water System. Raubaud also asserted that Remus had told him the project would continue regardless of the dangers posed by conditions there.

Remus, who heads the department which is in charge of the whole project and which hired the contractors doing the work had also maintained after the explosion that work would continue as soon as it was possible to do so, contradicting Mayor Gribbs' statement. He added that he saw no reason why the workers should not have been in the tunnel during the drilling operation.

The contractor who employed the dead workers claimed that the inspector had never been inside the tunnel, and insisted that his firm was not at fault. He claims that he was not informed of the drilling, and would have pulled his men off the job until the drilling was completed

On the other end of the tunnel, the contractor in charge of the drilling insists that everyone knew of the operation, and its possible danger. It will be the work of the 18 man commission that Governor William G. Milliken appointed to probe the blast to sort out all the charges.

After visiting the scene of the accident, Milliken announced the formation of the committee but did not indicate that any legal action might be taken against either the contractors or the public officials who hired them. Nor did he hint that the families of the workers might be compensated. He did pose for pictures, however, and express his sadness

-30-

WHO GETS THE CHILD CARE?

Great Speckled Bird/LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON (LNS)--President Nixon clarified his position on who should be helped with child care when he signed one bill and vetoed another last week

First, he vetoed a bill which would establish a massive federal child care program. Under this plan children whose families earn less than \$4,320 would have gone free and a sliding fee scale established for families with high incomes. Children with working mothers would have had priority. The centers would have been run by states, cities, combinations of local communities, Indian tribal councils, and private non-profit organizations--with the federal government paying up to 80% of the costs.

He then signed into law a tax bill which allows deductions for domestic help to families with children under 16. These would apply to families in which both parents work or to one-parent families. Families with income up to \$18,000 would qualify for the full deduction, up to \$27,000 would qualify for partial deductions.

Who did Nixon help? The middle class and upper middle class families who are struggling to pay for domestic help while both parents or one parent in a single parent family work.

Who did Nixon hurt. Hundreds of thousands of welfare mothers who would be able to work if free or cheap child care were available. And many, many working people who struggle along on one parent's income--who may work at two jobs to make it--because the other parent must stay home with preschool children. Plus a whole lot of children who are left home by themselves at a very young age because their parents must work and cannot afford to pay for child care.

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NONE OF THEM SHALL PASS

I never knew hatred in the past
But a ready-to-kill spear I now hold fast
To face the dragon
To be the Elijah of the race.
In the past; but that was in the past
An open house I had for one and all.
But one morning, I awoke
To find flour stolen, child stabbed, and wife
choked.
I recognized my treacherous guests
I planted my garden with mines, daggers, and
the rest.
By this dagger I swear,
None of them shall pass this threshold again.
I never knew hatred in the past,
But in the Twentieth Century I have learnt the art

--reprinted from the Arab Palestinian
Resistance monthly magazine.

--30--

"MARCH OF THE EMPTY PANS":

CHILEAN RIGHT ORGANIZES

By Leslie Krebs

L.A. Free Press/ LIBERATION News Service

SANTIAGO, Chile (LNS)-- In a political discussion with anyone of the Right in Chile, whether with a banker, a lawyer, the wives of professionals-- no one is neutral in his politics in Chile-- one of the familiar refrains is the complaint that the present government of Salvador Allende is sowing an "atmosphere of hatred."

The argument goes: I agree that the land should be redistributed, copper mines nationalized, I think the poor deserve a better lot, but I don't like the way it's being done. I personally don't exploit anyone, I work hard; this government is making the poor believe a lot of lies about us upper classes, it is creating hatred."

The truth is just the reverse. Such people, who unhesitatingly affirm standard myths about the lazy degenerate poor, are the prime offenders when it comes to generating class hatred.

A few weeks ago the "atmosphere of hatred" ceased to be a topic of conversation and became an event. In the late afternoon on December 1, several thousand women from the middle and upper classes marched through the center of Santiago carrying empty pans and baskets to protest food shortages. It was a well-fed, well-dressed, even stylish demonstration: one newspaper commented later that "it was the first time that many of the women had held a pot in their hands."

The group was far from starving and represented, in fact, the economic classes that are the first to get what food there is. Shortages, incidentally, have been observed mainly in meat, and have consisted of a week with no beef, followed by two weeks when beef is sold, no great problem.

And many of these women, through friends of friends, using "pull" have been able to buy entire calves to store up in their extensive freezers, causing small food shortages singlehandedly. That kind of hoarding, indicative of the hysteria floating around in certain sectors, is typical of, and particularly harmful to a budding socialist economy.

What happened to this demonstration, which had been authorized by the government and police, at the petition of the government, to clear the route for the demonstrators, is alarming.

Behind the women marched large youth groups of the Partido Nacional (PN) and Patria y Libertad (read John Birch)--both belonging to the Right--armed with sticks, stones, helmets, and clearly prepared for battle.

Battle they found. Angry spectators began to chant "Allende, Allende," students shouted at the demonstration as it marched by the Catholic University, and the PN groups began throwing stones. The stone throwing was only a part of what appeared to be a well-coordinated attack by the rightest groups, most of them youths between fifteen and twenty-five.

While shots were fired from passing cars, barricades were set up, bonfires built, and windows smashed. In nearby parts of the city, party headquarters of the Communist Youth and Radical Youth were attacked, a group attempted to set fire to the half-finished building of the UNCTAD (the United Nations conference to be held in Santiago in April) and the President's residence was assaulted.

The police threw tear gas into the marchers early, most of the women fled the scene, but the PN groups ran the streets until midnight, fighting by now with hastily organized groups of the extreme left.

At four o'clock in the morning the Minister of the Interior, Jose Toha, issued an official statement denouncing point by point the damage done, announcing a count of ninety-five wounded, some seriously, and the detention of seventy-three persons. He charged the Right with attempting to create panic and disorder in the Nation.

All demonstrations, with the exception of the Farewell to Castro celebration planned for December 2nd, the following day, were prohibited, and a one a.m. curfew was established.

The events left the city in a state of shock. In the stylish shopping district, Providencia, where the PN gangs had been at work late into the night, there was a heavy smell of tear gas the following morning, and the streets were full of debris and ashes from the bonfires.

The women called together for "the march of the empty pans" had not expected such an ending. It was the first time that most of them had ever marched anywhere, it was a lark, a laughing, joking group-- but they were clearly being used by organized reactionary groups. The armed youths that accompanied the women were not, as one conservative newspaper claimed, "friends and relatives taking care of their women."

The attempt to set fire on the UNCTAD building can only be interpreted as an effort to discredit Allende's government internationally; the assault on the President's house, everything was calculated to create hysteria and do serious damage. And it was not mere coincidence that on the very day of the demonstration a U.S. government official stated that "the government of Allende in Chile won't last very long."

Just how far the Right will go depends on whether it thinks it can win, and that is not at all in the cards in Chile--yet. What is clear is that the extreme Right is beginning to organize the fears of the inactive "middle" Right towards action.

The hysteria that passes around the tea table is a potential force. The night after the demonstration, in a large housing development in Providencia of fifteen-story buildings, a tremendous banging of pans ensued at ten PM. It was sinister, somehow, all those people in their well-furnished, spacious apartments banging pots behind closely drawn shades to protest-- what?

At a dialogue with students at the Technical University of Chile, before these events, Fidel Castro spoke on the danger of fascism. "I do not speak,"

he said, " as a visitor. I speak as a victim. If you permit me, I speak as a victim, because I have seen them in action, with all the attributes of fascism, agitating class hatred, agitating egoism, greed, demagoguery, intrigue, lies and insolence without end."

He stated that the "spirit of the masses" is the only force that can "contain the fascist offensive," that "there is no reason to be sure that the reactionaries, the fascists, will not turn to violence." A few days later, violence exploded from the Right.

What the Left would do was important, but the crowd at the Farewell to Castro celebration did not fill more than three-quarters of the national stadium. Spirits were high, people had come to show Allende that they were with him, to demonstrate the government's support from the people against the opposition. But it was not enough people for what should have been a massive vote of confidence for the Unidad Popular.

Fidel acknowledged that it was a disappointing crowd, given the circumstances; and stated that in Cuba 20,000 people could be massed within two hours, and 200,000 armed in twenty-four for the defense of the nation in danger.

The Unidad Popular, splintered between five or six political parties of the Left, has yet to show that kind of mass support and is already facing possible organized counter-revolution. Chile has taken an unprecedented path towards revolution within the law, without violence. The world, especially the Third World, is watching events in this country, hoping that "the spirit of the masses" will ensure the success of this government in its chosen route of legality.

"Now we will see," as Castro said, "what happens in Chile with the traditional laws-- what will the opposition do, what the fascists will do, and what the People will do."

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IRS RUNS SEARCH AND DESTROY MISSIONS TO TRACK DOWN ILLEGAL STILLS

NEW YORK(LNS)-- The liquor still revoovers are at again...but not with a twelve-gauge shotgun and a badge... The latest scheme the Internal Revenue Service is using to detect back-room moonshine factories is infra-red scanning and detecting equipment.

Like in Vietnam, a plane with scanning equipment flies over moonshine territory and IRS agents check out the white dots on the scanner. Then the agents attack the stills on the ground.

These search and destroy missions are being carried out in a 40,000 square mile area in Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee. A federal source claims that the people drink moonshine because " moonshine is cheaper than heavily-taxed liquor and some people prefer moonshine "

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Please return the questionnaires as soon as possible

GREEN BERETS SUPPOSEDLY OUT OF VIETNAM BY JAN. 1971 STILL HARD AT WORK

LONG HAI, VIETNAM(LNS)-- The Green Berets, out of the Vietnam war last January are, in reality, still hard at work training Cambodian army soldiers.

About 300 of the elite Special Forces troops, aided by other hand picked officers trained for flying and for firing Ranger missiles, have instructed 30,000 Cambodians at three American-run camps in South Vietnam in the last eighteen months.

The Green Berets accompany the Cambodians on combat missions during the training, searching for guerrillas in Vietnam's coastal jungles.

At his "low profile" headquarters inside a South Vietnamese compound at Bien Hoa, 15 miles north of Saigon, Lt. Col. Edward Rybat, commander of the forces says the Cambodian training "is the most important mission in the army today."

The training is different from what the Green Berets are used to. Experienced counter-insurgency officers now find themselves teaching basic infantry tactics to the Cambodian troops.

Although the Cambodian units often include obviously underage boys and old men, age is not taken seriously. An officer was quoted as saying, "As far as we're concerned, they're all between the ages of 18 and 35."

Known as the U.S. Army Vietnam Individual Training Group (UITG), Rybat's men have taken over former secret training bases for counter-insurgency work used in the heyday of the Green Berets to train their 35,000 mercenary troops in South Vietnam.

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ELLSBERG INDICTED FOR SECOND TIME

LOS ANGELES(LNS)-- Daniel Ellsberg, the man who spilled the Pentagon Papers to the world, was indicted for the second time Dec. 30 by a Federal Grand Jury on 12 criminal charges including conspiracy.

The new charges against Ellsberg are much more serious than those leveled at him by the same grand jury last July. The first count charged conspiracy against the government to obtain classified, Government documents. The next six involved specific acts of stealing, concealing, and receiving stolen Government property, and the last eight charged unauthorized possession and reception of these documents in violation of the national espionage laws. He could get over one hundred years imprisonment if convicted.

The release of the Pentagon Papers, a collection of Defense Department documents about the origin and planning of the U.S. involvement in the war in Indo-china, was one of the biggest news stories of 1971. In a press conference after the indictment was announced, Ellsberg was asked if he would have distributed the Pentagon Papers had he known of the charges that would be brought against him. Ellsberg replied, "No, I would have released the papers two invasions before I did."

Later in the interview he asked, "How can you measure the jeopardy I'm in to the penalty paid by the the 50,000 American families and the hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese."

(#403) January 5, 1972

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[Note to Editors: See packet #402 for small biographies of many of the prisoners mentioned in this story. Also see the graphics section in this packet and last packet for graphics for this story. Other Attica graphics have appeared in previous packets.]

"NIGGER. . .WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU":
ATTICA PRISONERS TALK ABOUT ATROCITIES

LIBERATION News Service

ATTICA (LNS)-- "I constantly get headaches on one side of my face--all the time. I never had any ailment up until that time. Sometimes I can hardly sleep at night--I'll be walking the floor. The inmates upstairs will tell you, the guards will tell you that, if they want to be honest. I'll be sitting on my bed when they make their count."

--Frank Smith

Frank Smith (or Big Black as he is called) is an inmate in Attica currently being held in Housing Block Z (HBZ)--one of the two segregation blocks set aside by prison officials to contain men they defined as "leaders" of the rebellion while they wait for the inevitable indictments to be issued. There's not much to do in segregation--read or write letters to the people on the restricted list they have, or sleep; But Frank Smith has been having a hard time sleeping because of the pains that bother him. It all started within the hour after the first cannister of tear gas was dropped at 9:46 am on September 13, the day the prison was retaken:

"I was brought out from the yard into the hallway in D-block. I was laying in the hallway from the gas, observing things outside the window--shooting, death, assault and different things happening in the yard that I just came out of. The next thing I know I'm pushed out the door into the A block area and my clothes are being ripped off me. I'm on my stomach and I'm crawling across the yard --I have bruises on my back and my legs from sticks and rifle butts of the troopers.

"I must have crawled for 10 or 15 minutes then someone said, 'All right nigger, when I tell you get up, get up and look straight ahead with your hands behind you.'

"One of the department of correction officers said, 'That's one of the leaders over there--that's one of the niggers.'

"So they took me to the side of the building--under the catwalk in A-Block and slid me on a table on my back. I looked up at the catwalk--they've got 15 or 20 men on the catwalk. So the guard put a football under my chin and he told me if I moved the football he would kill me.

"Then they started asking me if I was the one who cut the officers' testicles out and put it in his mouth. I said, 'I have no knowledge of this.' So one or two of the civilians there said, 'You did it nigger, we know you did it.'

So one says to the other 'I bet you I can shoot his testicles off.' This time I'm looking at a pistol.

Another says, 'No I bet I can throw a cigarette

on him and burn it off.'

The other one says, 'If you can put a cigarette on him I bet I can shoot it off.'

"Then for the next two hours I was constantly used as a human ashtray and spittoon. The whole two hours I was laying there, they were constantly telling me about castrating an officer, putting his testicles in his mouth. They dropped hot shells like shotgun shells, bullet shells on my body. I have burn marks on my body--between my legs, on my legs, on my stomach.

"All this time these people were doing this they were constantly saying, 'Big Black you know you did this, we seen you do this, we had glasses on you,' while I'm constantly saying, 'You know I didn't do this--why are you saying this to me?'"

As soon as the prison was back in the hands of the department of correction, Deputy Commissioner of Corrections Walter Dunbar, who got his training at San Quentin and in the California Department of Corrections announced that all nine hostages had died by having their throats slashed by inmates knives. "Two of the hostages had been killed before the 13th," he said. The seven others had their throats slit on the 13th, he claimed, and of these, five died instantly and the other two within hours at the prison hospital.

Then a day after the assault, the Monroe County Medical Examiner, Dr. John Edland announced after the autopsies that all nine hostages had died from gunshot wounds "as many as five, ten, twelve" with "no evidence of slashed throats." None of the hostages, he said were killed before the attack and none had been emasculated. "You don't have to have medical training to tell whether a man's genitals have been lacerated," he commented.

"Meanwhile I'm trying to shake myself to get the cigarettes off me because I'm being burned and no one will knock them off. Then someone above spit down on me and said, 'Don't wipe off the spit or we're going to kill you. Black is beautiful?--that ain't beautiful.'

"At this time I had cigars and cigarettes between my legs. The officers told me that when I get off the table they have 60 officers standing in the hall and I'm going to have to run through the hallway."

They made him and all the other inmates run a "gauntlet" over broken glass between two rows of guards and state troopers with clubs and sticks.

Then he was taken to the hospital.

"A male nurse who works in the hospital stepped on me three or four times while I'm laying on the floor.

"He said, 'Nigger, if we find out you did that, I feel sorry for you.' Going to and fro he deliberately stepped on my body and I was told by a state trooper if I moved he would kill me. All the while I was laying there he had his gun in my nose.

"They picked me up and took me to the X-ray room. They threw me on the X-ray table and the state trooper takes his foot and kicks me in the buttocks.

The attendant in the X-ray room says 'There's nothing wrong with you'. He X-rays my head.

"I'm taken back into another room. There are four or five state troopers. A department of correction officer came in and he had two civilians with him. I'm laying down and I have my legs closed and he says, 'Open your legs' and I open my legs. This state trooper took his rifle and hit me in the testicles six or seven times. Not hard enough to make me unconscious but enough to hurt. While he is doing this, two civilians are taking my picture. 'You're the one who cut the officers' testicles out and put them in his mouth. Do you know we have a big surprise for you?' I don't say anything. 'He's a big one, he can stand it.'

"I'm constantly being beaten on my arms. Then four national guardsmen pick me up to take me upstairs. They raise me right next to the elevator and dump me right on the floor. They make me crawl into the elevator on my back, on my buttocks and on my elbows. They kept on the whole while constantly telling me they were going to kill me.

"Up stairs they made me do the same thing--skooching down on my elbows and my buttocks. An officer kicked my head like I was a piece of meat or an insect--he kicked me two or three times. He made me stand up but I could hardly do so because I lost quite a bit of blood and a puddle of it was right there when he knocked me out. But I went because I was more scared than anything else because I didn't know what's going to happen. I finally got up and they whipped me to my cell."

* * *

Frank Lott, another inmate being kept in HBZ described the retaking of the prison his way:

"They were beating us with buckles and belts and everything they had. After we had gotten in our cells they came around with a water hose. I noticed some local yokels around here. They had a fire truck up to the back way in the A-Block area. I could see through the window and they hooked it up to the fire hydrant down the end and brought the hose in and climbed the bars up the gallery to hose the fellas down while they were in the cells. They were putting three fellas in a cell. Everybody got beaten--some fellas got fractures, were kicked and abused and got racial slurs. They started asking out one guy at a time and beating him up and putting him back in.

"That same night they told me they had orders for me to be removed. They took me to the D-Block area and held a gun to my head and claimed they had orders from Mancusi to remove me. They had me in a ditch and they asked me to beg for my life. Naturally I refused to say anything because I resigned myself to death. Then another correction officer calls through a window and told them to bring me back."

* * *

Carl Jones-LL also was beaten--with clubs and pick ax handles--coming over from D-yard and going up the stairs to HBZ. He had a broken arm for a long length of his arm. He was beaten all across the back.

"I still have marks now from the clubs. For two weeks it was very difficult for me to walk and even now almost three months later I have pains in my back."

Carl doesn't want to go to the hospital because he doesn't trust the doctors.

* * *

The doctor makes his rounds through the cells but as Frank Smith says,

"If I'm laying in my bed and I'm sick and I have my head covered up, I'm liable to miss the doctor if I'm not up when he comes by. I've stopped the doctor five or six times. Aspirins, aspirins, aspirins--that's all they give you is pills. He doesn't examine you."

"A black brother recently had his hands irritated," related Jerry Rosenberg, another inmate in HBZ. "For two months he had a fungus infection on his hands from the lye soap they give us to use. The bones were protruding right out of the skin--blood was coming out. He called the doctor numerous times. Though the doctor makes his rounds once a day in the morning, this is only perfunctory--without concern, it's a matter of routine.

"For two months this brother two cells away from me couldn't get any treatment whatsoever. Finally we instituted a court litigation which is in court right now to get them to treat his hands.

"The other day he was brought to the hospital by another doctor who saw his hands and couldn't believe it because they were so bad. The prison doctor--Dr. Sternberg refused to treat him for two months, only gave him some kind of nerve pill for his hands.

"In fact, this brother, his hands were so bad he asked Sternberg to see another doctor, the hands were getting worse and worse. Sternberg turned around and said, 'Well write a letter to another doctor.' He couldn't even move his fingers. That's the kind of doctor he is."

* * *

So the days pass in Housing Block Z waiting for the indictments to come down. They read and they talk. They sleep (though sometimes Frank Smith is kept up because of the pain) and they eat.

But on the 13th of every month they fast. "We're fasting for the 43 men who were killed," said Frank Smith adamantly, "not just the 33 inmates, but the 43 men."

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MEXICAN COFFEE GROWERS KIDNAP THEMSELVES;
BLAME GUERRILLAS

ACAPULCO, Mexico (LNS)--Two wealthy coffee growers were arrested at the end of December and charged with trying to extort money from the state by pretending to be kidnaped by leftist guerrillas.

The authorities said that by spreading the word they were kidnaped, the "self-styled victims" were trying to bilk the government of one million pesos or \$80,000.

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January 5, 1971

more....

TWO OUT OF TWO MILLION:
PROFILES OF PRISONERS BOB WELLS AND GARY LAWTON

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: George Jackson, Angela Davis, the Soledad Brothers, San Quentin, Attica, Folsom -- front page names and places these days. Such glittering hot news in fact that it's easy to forget that there are two million such men and women in thousands of prisons all over this country. Two million people whose plight is unknown to just about everyone except their families and closest friends.

Here at LNS we find out about two, maybe three, prisoners a week from concerned people who have formed defense committees in their area to free a prisoner. Often prisoners describe in their own words why they were sent to prison, why it is so difficult to "go straight" once an inmate is released (if ever), and what it is like to endure the hell of confinement. They are not easy letters to read.

The following should introduce you to two such prisoners.)

* * *

Bob Wells has been in California prisons for most of his life. Now 62, he was sent to reform school in 1921 at the age of 12 for stealing a car. In 1949, two stolen cars and three prison brawls later, Wells faced life imprisonment with no chance of parole (his 1947 death sentence was finally commuted after more than two years on death row). Wells has been very sick in the past few years and only in the last few months has begun to receive adequate medical attention. At this point he is trying to wage a campaign for executive clemency which would free him.

The following are excerpts from several letters that Wells has written to people "on the outside".

In 1921, when I was 12, I was sent to reform school in Los Angeles for two years for stealing a car. When I was 16, I was sent to the Preston school for doing the same thing. Paroled 18 months later, I was back in Preston again within 30 days for violation of parole.

In 1931, while in Folsom five months, I got into a fight between two cliques, Negro and white. One prisoner got knifed.

I was the one man of all of us who got prosecuted. I was given ten more years for manslaughter.

If I'd cowered my head and kissed feet, I might have gotten along. Nobody thought of rehabilitation in those days, and I couldn't hold myself in when I got the dirty end of the stick.

In 1941 I was released on parole.

Freedom! For a whole week I just lay around, forgetting the lineup, the standing on the back of the chow line for colored, the smell of prison.

I had no money so I looked for a job. Prisoners had no social security so I had trouble there. At employment agencies I could give no trade for I had no training. I had no money to join the unions. I couldn't seem to interest an employer.

I sure I'd do anything but shine shoes, wash dishes, or sweep floors. Months went by and I got panicky, because it appeared I didn't know how to get a job.

I was self-conscious and maybe I didn't look like I could handle a job -- I don't know...

My sis and I talked it over, but got nowhere. My sis lost two jobs when she asked her employers to help me. She got a part-time maid's job, but one day said to me, "brother, we're going to be short \$10 come Sat. rent time. Do you think you can help?"

All that week I looked and found nothing. Then I decided to snitch an old car and sell some parts. I saw an old Chevy, got into it, and drove off.

I froze up. I pulled the car to the curb, got out, and ran away. I came home. I went inside and slept a couple of hours. I woke with the worry of the money across my eyes. I'll take the battery, I figured. That'll get me \$10.

I got up, dressed, went out to the street, where the Chevy was. I swear I stood on that corner fifteen minutes before I could move myself to the car. I opened the door -- and two cops grabbed me. They had been staked out, waiting.

I was sent to Folsom for one to five years. In 1944, in another fight in prison, I was found guilty of possession of a knife. By law, I got an additional five years to life sentence. The Adult Authority, however, delayed in fixing the exact sentence. They were stalling, waiting for me to get into trouble!

Two years went by, two years of hell. I couldn't raise my hands without knowing -- this is what they want. This is what they're waiting for. This is how they'll kill you.

Brown, the guard, comes by at checkup time. He flashes his light in my face. I wake up. He's not supposed to do that. Rules say he flashes the light on my feet. I scream at him for it.

Brown puts charges in against me and here I have to go to the Warden's place to have the same people, who are punishing me -- judge me. Brown breaks the rules, but I get the charge to be placed in the dungeon!

Two days later I go down to that prison kangaroo court from solitary. I get in the room and guard Brown starts twisting what happened. I want to talk and I'm told to wait my turn. But he's lying about it. They put me outside and it looks like the dungeon again. These three burly, beefy guards standing there and Brown coming by grinning at me.

I don't know whether they hit me or I grabbed the cuspidor first -- but everything blew -- arms, clubs, blood. Everything hit and I threw that cuspidor. I went out, down, clubbed unconscious.

I was the first and only man sentenced to death under Section 4550 of the Penal Code merely

for an assault, when no human life had been taken.

The Supreme Court of California, in a four to three decision, okayed the law and my death.

Thursday afternoon, January 27, 1950, on my 870th day in Death Row, four guards came for me to take my "last walk." I had torn up old letters, given away personal effects and prepared myself to die.

It was 6:45 on the clock. Warden Duffy came through the cell. "Bob," he said, "I have some news for you."

"Good or bad, Warden?" I said.

"Good," he answered, "you have been granted a stay of execution by Judge Goodman of the Federal Court, pending a writ of habeas corpus."

So I am still alive.

A reasonable question to ask, I would think, would be, "Why was this man (me) singled out for prosecution, condemnation to death, and consequently to life imprisonment without possibility of parole?"

I have contended, and still contend, that the answer to the question is: Because I have refused to passively submit to cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment; because I have fought -- foolishly, perhaps -- for what I believe in, for racial equality, for the rights and dignity due all men -- for survival.

* * *

On the night of April 2, 1971, two policemen were murdered in Bordwell Park in the city of Riverside, California. Almost immediately suspect descriptions were released on radio and TV -- three white males and one black with an Afro. Police roadblocks, therefore, allowed blacks to pass all night while whites were stopped and searched.

The next morning, however, the suspect descriptions were changed to three young blacks with Afros and one white. Those descriptions were gradually altered again until they fit one man who has been a thorn in the side of the Riverside police and city government for some time. That man was black community organizer Gary Lawton, a self-employed family man in his 30's who, incidentally, does not have an Afro, but is balding.

Lawton's first conflict with the city power structure came immediately after the assassination of Martin Luther King. Lawton and other community members wanted a meaningful memorial for King in Riverside and sought to rename Bordwell Park after King. Proceeding through the "proper channels", they were endlessly routed and rerouted. The community committee finally appeared at a Parks Department meeting.

Opposition to the renaming of the park was spearheaded by the "Don't Tread on Me Committee" and other white groups who denounced King as a communist, although the city of Riverside had given a memorial service for him the Sunday after his death.

The black community's request was never seriously considered by the city. When Lawton

appeared at the meeting the microphones were turned off while he spoke.

In early 1969, a young black basketball player was beaten by Riverside police when he tried to put up a poster in a liquor store. The Black Congress, of which Lawton was a prominent member, was formed in response to this incident. Members of the Congress picketing the store were harrassed, and police pictures taken at that time were used in Lawton's arrest two years later.

The Black Congress called for representation for the black community in the civic institutions of Riverside. Although the Congress, led by Lawton, undertook many proposals to this end, their objectives were never realized with more than tokenism.

Gary Lawton has been in jail since May 1971, but has suffered no lack of publicity. His name, suffixed by the crime of which he is accused, has appeared in an astonishingly wide variety of articles in the Riverside Press-Enterprise. Fund raising campaigns for the families of the dead policemen, articles concerning the harassment of Mrs. Gary Lawton, have all included Lawton's name, with the murder as reference.

This prejudicial media coverage greatly affects Lawton's chances of getting a fair trial in Riverside. The Gary Lawton Defense Committee is circulating a petition for a change of venue and Lawton's release on bail. For more information write: Gary Lawton Defense Committee

c/o Mrs. Lawton
2538 Pleasant
Riverside, California

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[Information for this story came from By Any Means Necessary, a San Francisco paper dealing for the most part with political prisoners, and from the Checkers Demian Collective in Riverside.]

DIRTY BUSINESS IN NEVADA

YERINGTON, Nev. (LNS)--Eighty-five people in this tiny city will receive more than \$1.8 million in damages from Centex, Inc. Centex was ordered to pay by Judge Richard Waters, jr who said:

"Centex knew, for every day of full operations, 27,000 pounds of dirt and dust were being expelled over the area. Never once did it close down or offer to close down the monstrous excretion it was spewing forth on its neighbors. It was a deliberate, wanton disregard of the property of others."

-30-

THE RIGHT TO KILL--FOR MEN ONLY

NEW YORK (LNS)--"Passion Killing" (a husband killing his wife because of her adultery) is considered justifiable homicide (no punishment) in four states.

Funny thing about it is that a wife killing her husband because of his adultery is considered justifiable homicide nowhere. -30-

[The above 2 shorts came from the King St. Trolley.]

U.S. BOMBS NORTH VIETNAM FOR 5 STRAIGHT DAYS NIXON'S REASONS FOR AN OLD STRATEGY

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- For five days straight, beginning the day after Christmas, American planes flew 1,000 sorties against targets in North Vietnam -- blasting the threat of an expanded air war after the American troop withdrawals back into the American consciousness. The Phantom jet bombers ranged over the southern portion of North Vietnam about 200 miles north of the demilitarized zone, striking within 70 miles south of Hanoi.

The North Vietnamese government reported one hospital and one school hit, with many strikes in densely populated areas. But Washington insisted that the bombs were limited to fuel and supply depots, anti-aircraft guns, missile and radar sites and MIG fighter airfields, as well as supply and servicing areas and military bases along the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

In the first news reports following the beginning of the bombings, the U.S. Command characterized them as "limited duration, protective air strikes against military targets...in reaction to enemy activity which imperils the diminishing U.S. forces currently in Vietnam." But it soon became obvious that these were more than the ordinary "protective reaction strikes" -- military sources said after the first day of raids that they involved every aircraft the U.S. could spare in Indochina, the planes coming from South Vietnam, Thailand, and the aircraft carriers Constellation and Coral Sea off the coast in the South China Sea.

The Administration offered varying official explanations for the bombings. First, they were in retaliation for four F-4 Phantoms shot down December 18 by North Vietnamese MIGs and anti-aircraft guns near Hanoi. (Or, as the administration puts it, attacks on "unarmed reconnaissance flights." They fail to mention that these flights are always accompanied by fighter planes.) They said it was also in response to recent shellings of Saigon, then the bombings were intended to protect the 158,000 troops still in South Vietnam, and insure a safe withdrawal of U.S. forces, or to abort an NLF offensive in the South.

But each one of these excuses is only a thin cover-up for the real fear -- that Vietnamization will not stand up to the test in Laos and Cambodia, where the liberation forces have made great advances, or even in South Vietnam itself, where the administration suggests the NLF is planning an offensive in the central highlands that could divide the country in two.

Five days before the bombings started, the Pathet Lao, supported by North Vietnamese aircraft, took the Plain of Jarres from the defending irregular Meo and Thai forces of General Vang Pao. This maneuver is nothing new -- the plain has changed hands four times in the past two and a half years, with the liberation forces taking it in the dry season only to give it up when the rainy season comes. But this year, the Pathet Lao offensive went a step further. Pao's troops were routed from the entire plain, forced to abandon the nine fire

bases that defend it, and hole up in the CIA headquarters at Long Cheng, 30 miles from the plain's southwest edge.

This Pathet Lao success comes two months earlier than it did last dry season, and the Laotian force is uncertain whether they can regain a toe-hold in the area when the rainy season arrives, or whether the Pathet Lao will maintain control of all the mountain region, including Long Cheng itself. All U.S. government sources in Vientiane had indicated that Vang Pao had intended to maintain control of the plain through this dry season to relieve pressure on Long Cheng.

Long Cheng itself was attacked by 20 commandos who damaged three aircraft and killed three soldiers the day after the plain was taken.

Lon Nol's pro-U.S. government in Cambodia is also in a precarious position. Norodom Sihanouk, head of the National United Front (NUF), which is leading the Cambodian resistance, told a reporter in Peking that four fifths of the country is solidly in the NUF's hands -- five million out of a total population of seven million people are working with them. The huge liberated territory has permitted the growth of a healthy economy, ready to sustain a long-term resistance war.

Only the threat of U.S. bombings stands between the guerrillas and the Cambodian capital of Pnom Penh. Sihanouk explained that it would not be difficult to take the city, but that it would expose the nearly 2 million inhabitants to devastating U.S. air attacks.

Nixon is trying to keep Lon Nol above water because, as he put it in his November 12 press conference, "Cambodia is the Nixon doctrine in its purest form...in Cambodia what we are doing is helping the Cambodians to help themselves."

But even the expansion of Lon Nol's army to its present level of 180,000 from 30,000 before Sihanouk was ousted, has failed to stave off NUF victories. All roads leading to the capital remain cut; the 20,000 man task force that was sent in August to clear Route 6, north of Pnom Penh, collapsed back toward the city in early December, after suffering what U.S. officials conceded was their "worst defeat in 21 months of fighting." Only ten days before the raids on North Vietnam began, a Phantom jet-bomber was shot down within sight of Pnom Penh.

Nixon is trying to prevent more such victories in the whole Indochina peninsula. Public opinion would not allow another full-scale invasion of Cambodia, like the one in the spring of 1970; and besides, that operation did little more than postpone a guerrilla victory. Neither would ARVN troops be willing to risk another embarrassing defeat in Laos. The one last February mauled some of their best units and Pathet Lao control in Laos expanded in spite of it.

But the small steady troop withdrawals have gained time and political credit with the American public, and lulled it into thinking that President Nixon is getting out of Indochina completely. Much of the country was shocked when the raids began -- the heaviest since Johnson halted the bombings in

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more...

in November of 1968. But Nixon made it perfectly clear -- as far back as December of 1970 -- that he would accept no restrictions on U.S. airpower in Indochina, and that any threat to his objective of a non-Communist South Vietnam would justify bombing the north.

Many of the establishment papers have explained Nixon's latest tactics as a move to escape a trashing in Indochina and thus shore up his political career. But he seems to have fallen wide of the mark.

Even families of prisoners of war, who could usually be counted on to support Nixon's attempts to free the prisoners by winning the war, have become critical. One woman, the wife of a prisoner in North Vietnam, commented in an ABC television interview, after listening to a tape recording of her husband: "I wish I could be as optimistic as he sounds, that his government is really trying to get him home -- look at the front page of today's paper. Those bombings show how much the government really cares about the prisoners of war."

Neil Sheehan, the New York Times reporter who wrote last spring's series on the Pentagon papers, interpreted the President's tactics as a gamble that the domestic political repercussions of renewed bombing of the North will be less than the political consequences of a major military defeat and collapse of his Vietnamization policy in an election year. That gamble may not pay off.

The bombings were cut back in '68 partly because they hadn't proved effective. Military planners like to think that their improved technology will make them more successful this time. But in order to find out they're going to have to go back again and again. The cost of each sortie -- the anger of Vietnam Vets who occupied public monuments during the bombings, of the families of POWs and of demonstrators already working toward San Diego -- may be more than Nixon can afford.

-30-

"MONKEY BUSINESS" AT THE CAMBRIDGE CITY COUNCIL;
RENT CONTROL REPEAL PUSHED THROUGH

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS)--"We have a lot of business to get on with here," shouted harried Cambridge councilman Al Velucci.

For a few seconds the angry crowd of 500 Cambridge tenants who had arrived unexpectedly for the Dec. 27 city council meeting to oppose the repeal of the Cambridge Rent Control law were silent.

"Yah, monkey business!" yelled one wit, and the room shook with laughter and became a madhouse once again.

It was a long night. From seven until two in the morning, the tenants chanted, sang, shouted and talked--anything to keep councilmembers from voting before the old year was out and a newly elected, more liberal council could take its place on Jan. 1. Every technique was on the up and up because the tenants made use of a buried city rule which allows every Cambridge citizen to speak their peace for

10 minutes about any city issue.

"Yes! No! Yes! No!" shouted the tenants (mostly young white working people since the student community was away on vacation) to confuse any attempt by the council to vote.

After one tenant gave a graphic description of the teeming insect world flourishing in his apartment, the group chanted "No Rent For Roaches" in support, and "Long Live the Victory of People's War."

The councilmembers were not the only people harassed at the meeting either. Many landlords, easily distinguishable from the tenants by their business suits and brief cases, came to push for repeal of the law and left frazzled and irate. Most of the landlords present were relatively small-time operators with only two or three buildings.

Harvard University and MIT are the biggest landlords in Cambridge. Harvard University also has several "front" realty companies such as Hunneman Realty in Boston which buys up property for them. That way it's not so obvious that the massive educational institution owns so much of the city. But they pay for their sneakiness. Land owned in their own name is exempt for taxes because of their educational status, but fronted land is taxable.

Max Wasserman is the biggest individual landlord in the city and many people claim that he too is in cahoots with the two universities.

All nine councilmembers were not hostile to the tenants' demands. Barbara Ackerman, the leading liberal on the council spearheaded the campaign to save rent control and three other councilmen supported her. Everyone readily admitted that the Cambridge Rent Control law was no prize chicken--but it was better than nothing. The law was billed as being fair to both landlords and tenants, but through a complicated formula based on the assessed value of the building, allowed landlords a 20-30% profit, sometimes as much as 50% as long as no safety regulations were violated.

However, the law did make it very difficult for landlords to evict their tenants. Also, if a landlord wanted to raise the rent of his apartments, he had to go before a rent control administrator. That put the burden of initiating action on the landlord rather than the tenant who would otherwise have to complain to the Internal Revenue Service about an unfair increase in rent.

Finally, after seven hours of pandemonium with tenants brushing elbows with landlords, sitting on the chairman's desk and lounging on the stage of the little council room, the meeting was recessed until Wednesday Dec. 29 at a large Cambridge auditorium.

The following morning the Boston Globe featured the council meeting with photographs of the unusual action. It was big news and Cambridge tenants waited anxiously for Wednesday night's meeting ready to jam up the council's procedures for 72 hours at a stretch if need be to prevent the law from being repealed.

But the tenants didn't get a chance to show off their endurance. Two thousand people massed inside the auditorium but within an hour five councilmembers

CONTINUED ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER.....

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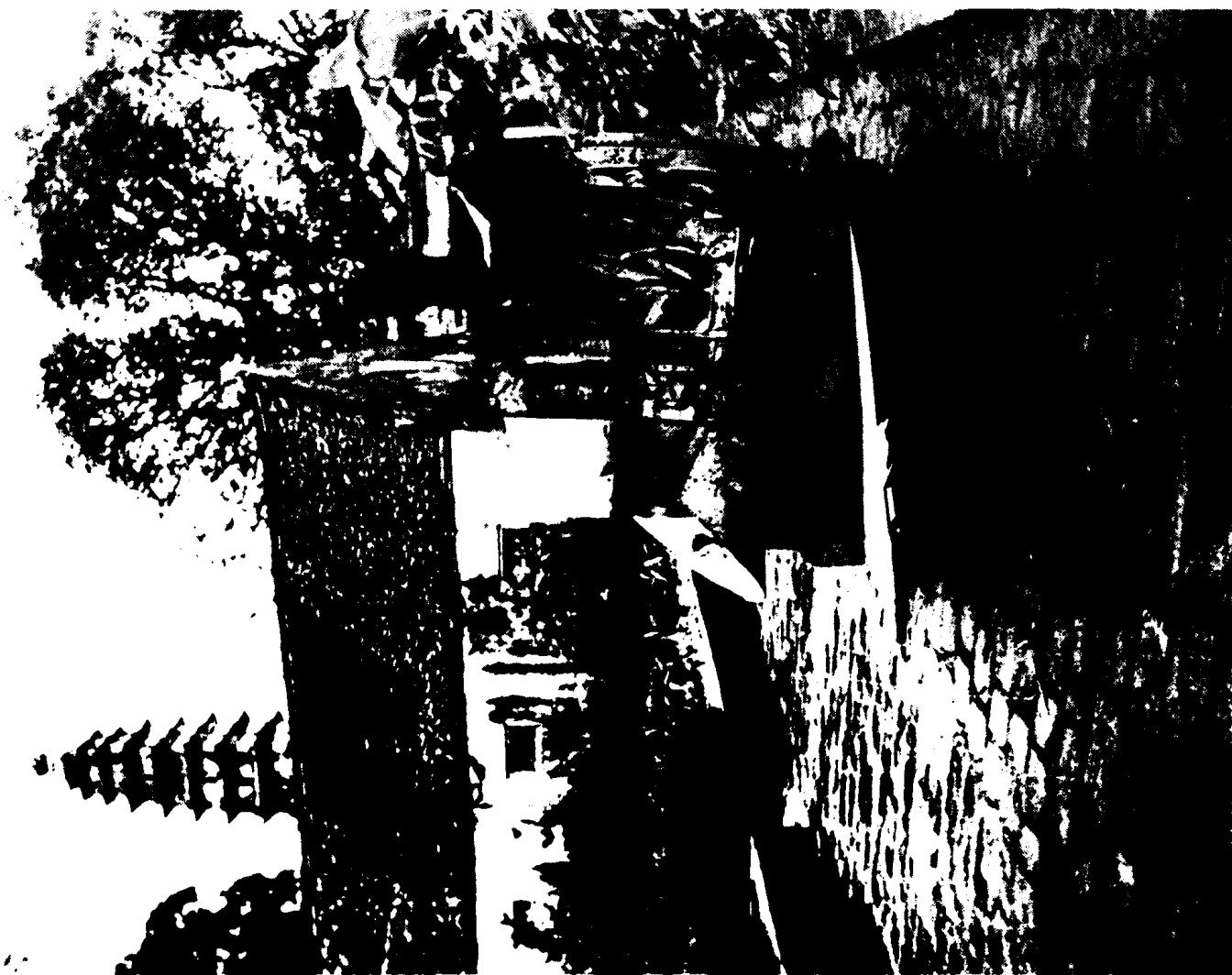
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No more.



Photos from a massive drug bust in Dallas's Lee Park -- see story in packet #401, page 10.

Credit: Iconoclast/LNS



TOP: A bomb shelter in Hanoi -- this photo and the one below were taken in February of 1970,

See story on the bombing of North Vietnam in this packet.

Photo by Anne Dockery -- Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective

BOTTOM: A portion of the wing of a downed U.S. bomber in the garden of an old Buddhist temple near Nam Binh, a reminder of the air war of 1968.

See story on the bombing of North Vietnam in this packet.

Photo by Anne Dockery -- Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective

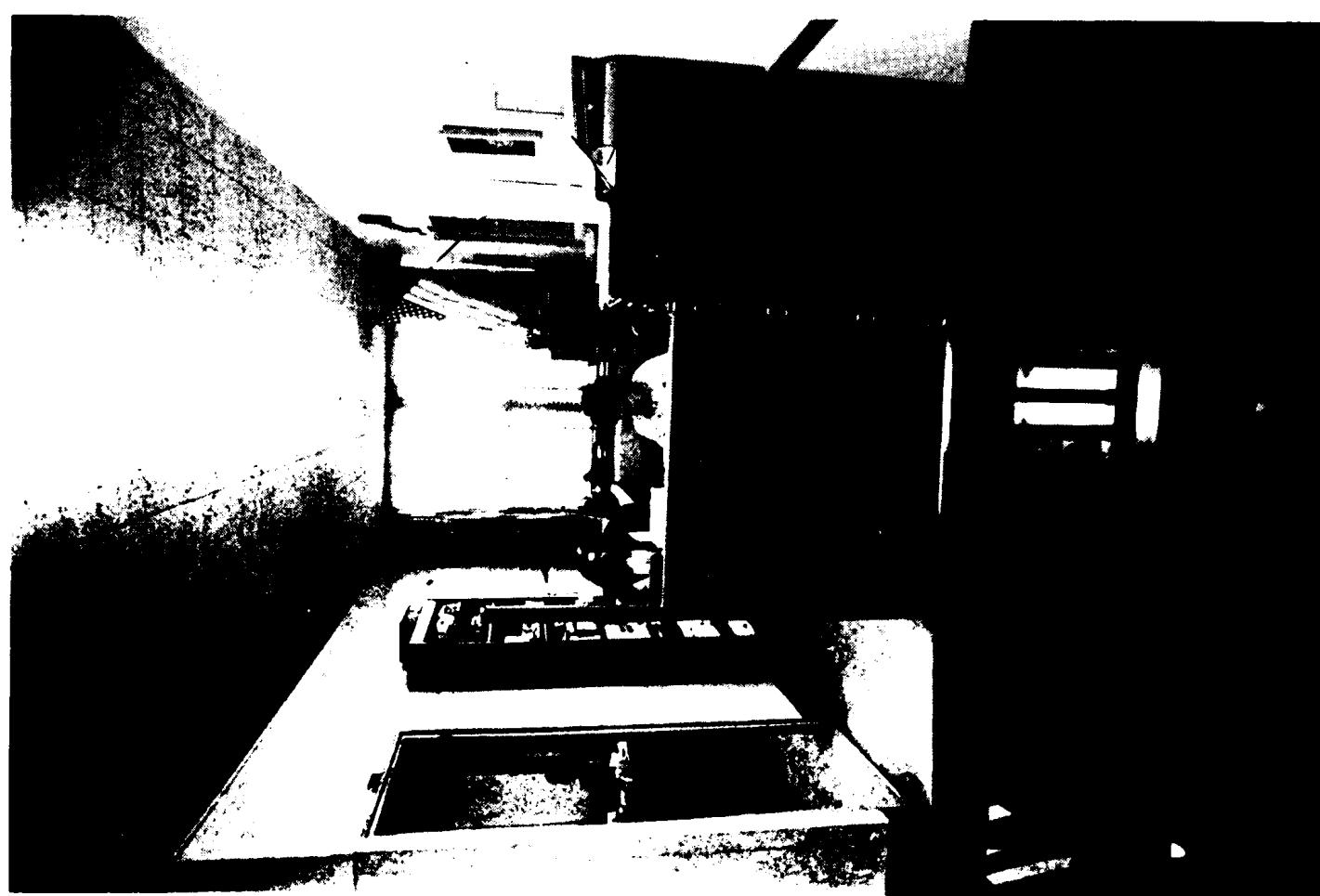
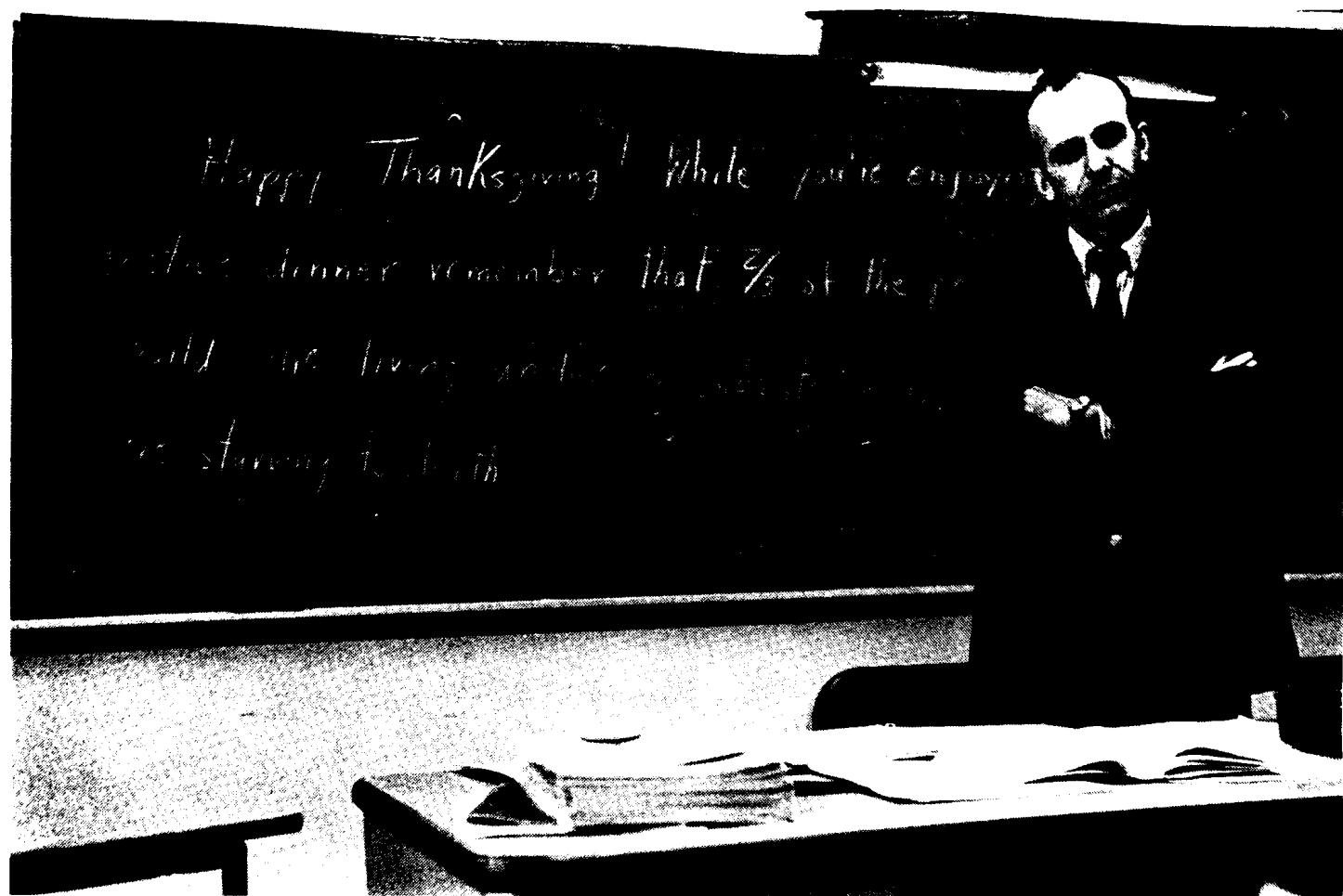


TOP: Bob Wells -- see story in this packet

Credit LNS

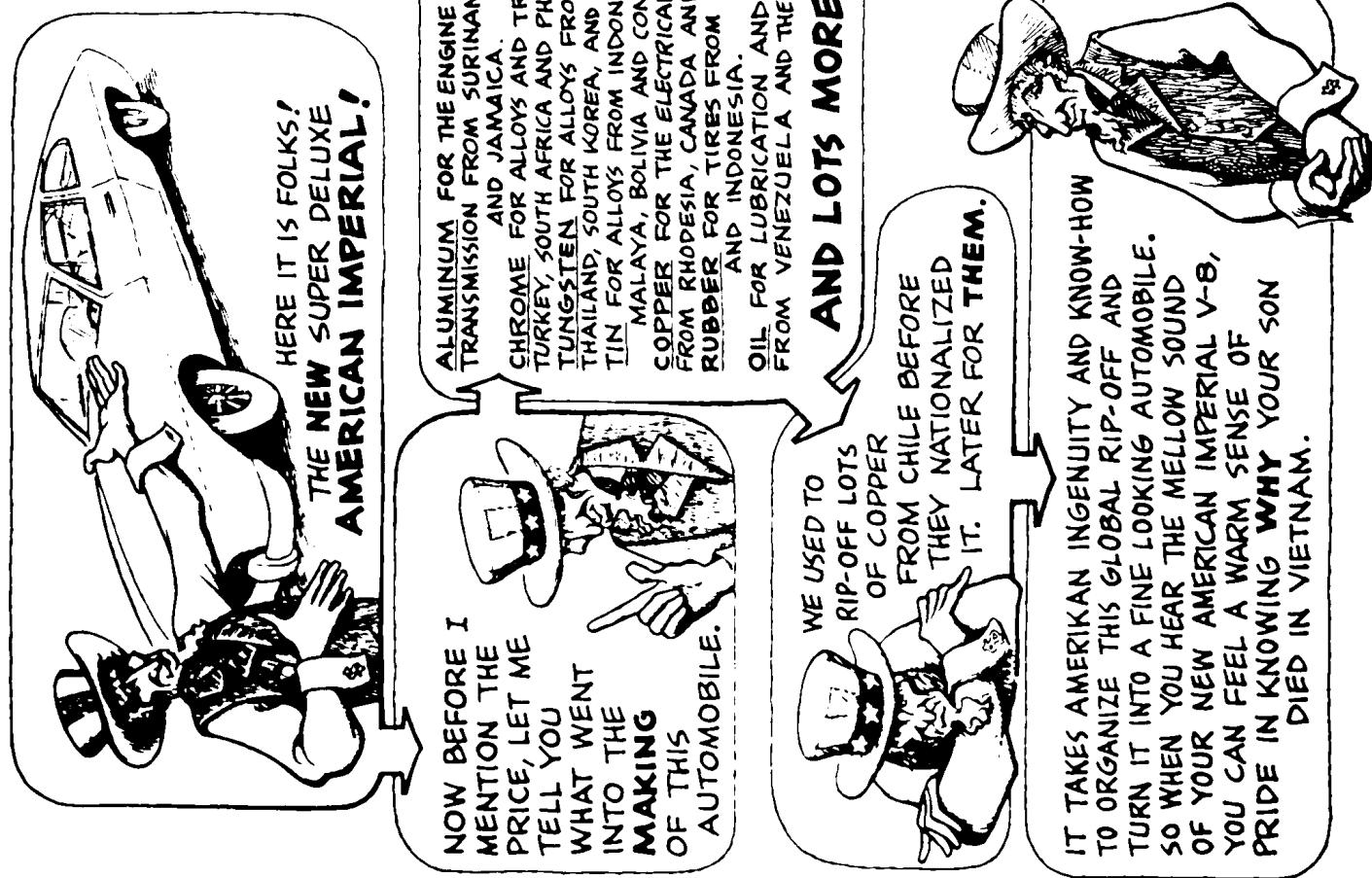
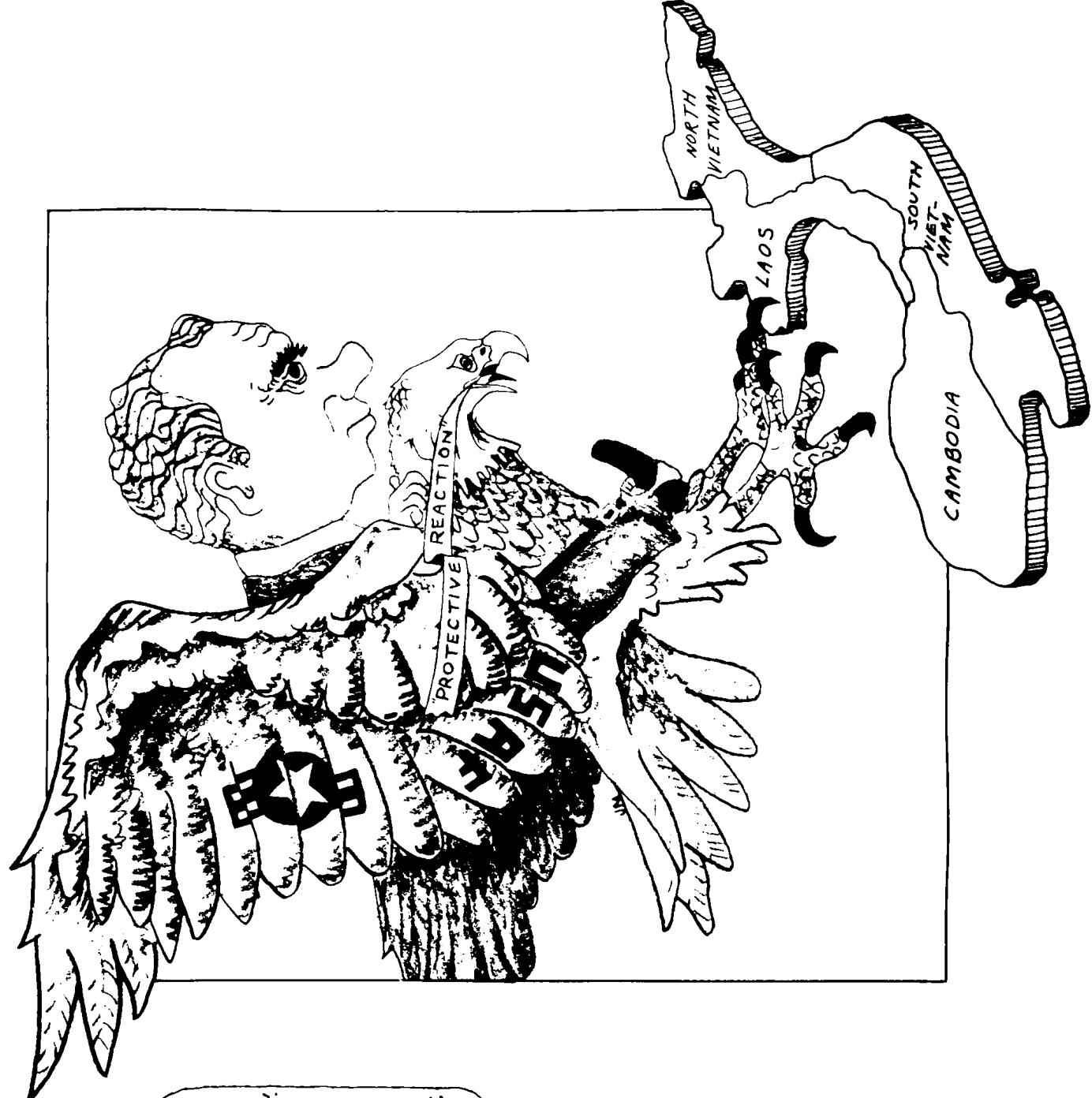
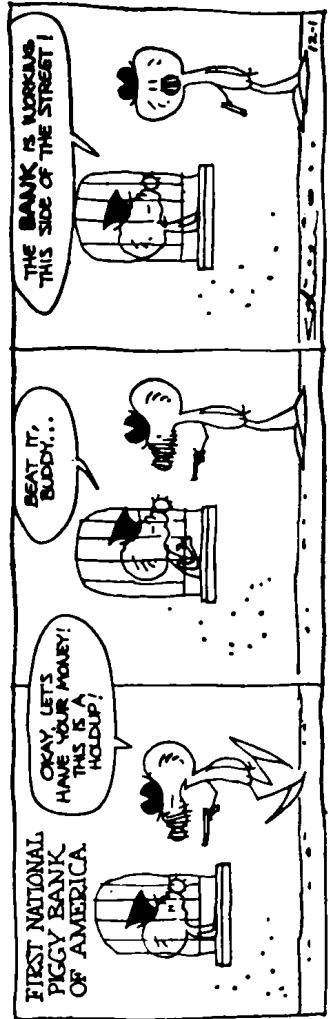
BOTTOM: In the halls of East Meadow High School, in East Meadow, Long Island.

Credit Ken Light/LNS



Top: Happy Thanksgiving
Credit Ken Light/LNS

Bottom: the principal's office
Credit Ken Light/LNS

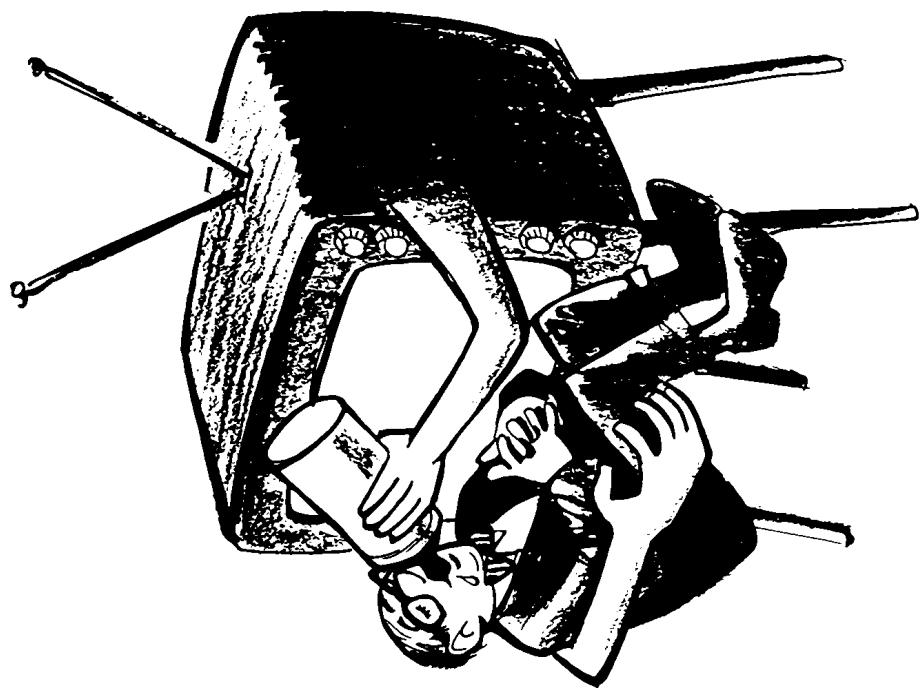


Piggy Bank --
Credit Howie Schneider/Berkeley Tribe/LNS

Protective Reaction -- Credit John Mack/LNS
See story in this packet

The American Imperial is taken from Fixing Brakes: A people's Car Repair Manual -- 35¢
-- available from Peoples Press, 968 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94110
Credit Peoples Press/LNS

SAN DIEGO '72



San Diego '72 -- Credit the Berkeley Tribe/LNS

TV -- Credit the Chicago Journalism
Review/LNS

Frank Smith, Attica Prison inmate -- see story
on page 9 of this packet.

Credit LNS Women's Graphics Collective